

BEAU SAVED THE DAY

A STORY FROM LIFE ON AN INDIANAPOLIS NEWSPAPER.

If You Don't Believe It You Can Come Around and Interview the Office Dog.

CHAPTER I.—

The oldest member of the Morning Glory's city staff was a fellow named Beau. He had been on the paper for years. He was popular with everybody from the managing editor down to the office boy. He was a fine specimen of the decayed gentleman and required but a glance to tell that he had seen better days. He had no "run" in particular, but was usually assigned to picking up stuff in the barrel-house districts and other disreputable quarters of the city. He was always the last one to leave the office and for years it had been his duty to keep the dog watch. Beau was as proud as Lucifer. There were times when he didn't deign to notice his fellow-laborers, but the boys took it goodnaturedly. They recognized the true aristocracy in him, even if it was a bit run down at the heel. One of the managers of the paper said he had once seen Beau in New York, when he was one of the prominent features of a large and fashionable gathering. Somewhere when the old fellow came out to Indiana he lost heart and went to the dogs. But he held his place on the paper. It seemed that nothing could dislodge him. One day when one of the managers found him lying besotted and bedraggled in the gutter in front of a barrel house everybody thought surely he would have to go. But he didn't. When he showed up at the office the chief of the department gave him a caressing pat on the shoulder and called him the "old man." So Beau staid and finally won his spurs.

CHAPTER II.—

"There's going to be a lot of work to-night," said the city editor late one afternoon, "and everybody will have to look smart. I understand that Gen. Habana Perfecto, the famous Cuban insurgent, is to pass through the city to-night on his way to Chicago. He'll probably stop here over night and we must have an interview with him. If we get 'scooped' on it it's all up with this force. By the way, has anybody seen Beau to-day?" No one had seen the "old man" for several days and there was some talk about his absence. It wasn't often that he remained away so long. He had gone out with some of the printers to lunch three nights before and did not come back. But the duties of the day were too pushing to spend time speculating on a matter so uncertain as the "old man." So the staff went out about its business and forgot the existence of Beau.

CHAPTER III.—

It was midnight in the editorial rooms of the Morning Glory. There was an air of feverish expectancy about the place. Telegraph boys dashed in and out of the rooms. In the city department there was a bustle and activity that betokened a busy night. In the managing editor's rooms the heads of the departments were having a caucus. Gen. Habana Perfecto was the subject of comment. The big man was in town, but the young men of the Morning Glory hadn't been able to locate him. It was feared that the rival paper had seen him. Where could he be? Was he in hiding?

CHAPTER IV.—

It was an hour later. The city staff sat around the office with the dumps. Gen. Habana Perfecto hadn't been found and the force was speculating on the big "scoop" that would come from the foot of the mountain. It was known that the General had once met the editor of the rival sheet, while the latter was minister to a foreign country. They were friends. Hark! What sound was that? It came from the corridor outside and sounded more like a whine than a cry. Without doubt the owner of the voice was in distress. Some one ought to help him. Beau staggered in. The old man was in a shocking condition and trembled from sheer weakness. He made a pathetic picture as he stood there.

"The poor devil's starving," said Harkaway. "I'll go with him to a restaurant." Poor Beau's befogged brain understood and he staggered out into the corridor with Harkaway after him. It was the custom of the force to eat at a snack house across the street from the office, and Harkaway started to pilot Beau over there. But the "old man" wasn't satisfied. He growled an objection and indicated that he desired to dine at a chop-house some distance away. Harkaway knew the location of the place, but he didn't think Beau was a patron there. However, he accompanied him over to the other resort. Harkaway ordered a lavish spread for the "old man" and prepared to leave him there. He was about stepping out into the darkness when Beau called him in guttural tones. Harkaway turned around. As he did so Beau walked up to a table where sat a swarthy-complexioned man in a military coat. Beau squared himself in front of the man and looked into his face with an impatient stare. Harkaway was startled and expected trouble. The swarthy man, half rising to his feet, viciously struck at Beau. At the same instant he hurled a half-dozen Spanish oaths at the "old man."

"Who is that man?" exclaimed Harkaway, excitedly, clutching the sleeve of the clerk.

"That is Gen. Habana Perfecto, the insurgent leader," said the clerk.

Beau was the office dog.

FINALLY GOT HER WHEEL.

But There Were Four Wheels to This Machine.

She was a pretty little Miss of nineteen. Her mother called her Pet, and her father called her Beau, but absolutely refused to let her have a bicycle. She had the craze along with all the girls of her set and she was, before, but she must not under any circumstances disobey papa and was really too good a girl to even think of such a thing. But she did want a wheel so bad, and she had many a cry over her papa's senseless obstinacy. She was reared in luxury and had never had her slightest wish refused.

But papa was a man with peculiar ideas and he had an idea that a bicycle was not just the thing for a dignified young lady who was to be married before winter. He did not know just what might happen and he was not going to take any chances. The young man to whom she was engaged was poor, but he bore the name of one of the leading families in the city and a match with him was extremely desirable. He rode a wheel, and papa knew that if Pet was allowed to have one many evenings and afternoons would be spent a wheel which could more properly be spent in the more conventional ways of modern courtship.

Pet did not get a wheel that season. It was last year. The day of her wedding came around though, and the first thing she said to her husband after the ceremony was:

"Oh, Jack, now I can have a wheel, can't I?"

"And, of course, Jack said yes, and it was settled that Pet should have a wheel. But the honeymoon was to be gone through with, and this took more than a month. They traveled, of course, and by the time they returned and got settled in their cozy little home the days were growing short and winter was fast approaching.

During her travels Pet had experienced the

great pleasure of learning the art of riding the wheel, but this was in Paris, and the wheel was not brought home. She had the craze deep-rooted when she told Jack she would wait until this year. She had been reading up on wheels and found that there were to some very valuable improvements this season; so she said sweetly to Jack:

"Dear, I guess I will defer my purchase of a wheel until next season. I want to get one of those of 1896 models I read so much about."

Thus it was settled. Her birthday was early in April, and Jack was to get the wheel when that time arrived, and it should serve as a birthday present.

Time sped on. The winter season was one of gaiety to the young couple. They were lunched on all sides and it was indeed a happy life they led for the next three or four months. Spring came, and the young wife thought little of the wheel. But Jack remembered. The birthday came last week, when Jack kissed his wife and started down town to get her wheel.

"Pet, I will send your wheel out to-day. You know this is your birthday and I must keep our agreement."

He hurried off, and about the middle of the afternoon Pet saw a wagon drive up and deposit her "bicycle." She blushed a deep red when she examined it. It was a pretty thing, with four wheels and the "cutest little springs." When Jack came home she kissed him, but did not mention her wheel.

RELEASE OF A CONVICT

A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE AT JEFFERSONVILLE PENITENTIARY.

Disposition to Shout in His Newly Gained Freedom—Discharged Men's Talk.

A reporter of the Journal recently had the opportunity of seeing a convict at the southern penitentiary discharged. To the prison attaches it was but an every day affair, but to one unaccustomed to seeing such a thing the sight of a man going forth after a long term of imprisonment was impressive. The discharged prisoner was at a loss to know how to act or what to say and he had to be told to go.

The man had been a United States prisoner who was convicted for robbing a postoffice. He was brought to the prison office in citizen's clothing, the first time he had appeared in them for many years. He did not say a word during the preparations for his release. Affidavit had to be made that he was a pauper and country, down the line which had been imposed in addition to the sentence. His hand shook so that he could not write and after his name had been signed, he made his mark. In answer to question, he said he was born and reared in Kentucky. His parents were good, honest farmers and to them he proposed to return. The necessary papers were filed out and the man was at liberty.

"What must I do?" he asked when the eyes of all were directed at him, as if expecting him to speak.

"You are as free as I am," replied the clerk.

"Can I really go now?" he asked.

"Whenever you wish," was the reply.

"Out this way?" he asked, pointing to an open door.

"Out the front door, and may better luck come to you," was the answer.

The man had been given \$5. He said it would take him within forty miles of home and he proposed to walk the remaining distance. Yes, he intended to lead an honest life. The prison attaches shook hands with him and wished him good fortune and he started toward the door as if expecting to be called back at every step. He had the manner of a prisoner man which could only be worn away by freedom. He walked out into the darkness, with no place to go, but extremely happy, for he was free. He had been gone but a minute, when someone was heard to shout and it was surmised that the liberated man had simply tested the freedom which he had been told belonged to him.

Deputy United States Marshal Taylor was present at the time and to him the incident was not unusual.

PRISON LIFE REFORMED HIM.

"But, I saw a strange thing since that," he said in speaking of the case. "I saw a man liberated who talked as I have never heard a discharged man talk. He said the prison life was the best thing that could have come to him. He said it had made a man of him. It had learned him to obey and to work."

"I am yet a young man," he said to me. "I am but twenty-four and I am going to do something in this world yet. I was wild and reckless and it was the best thing ever happened when I was sent to the penitentiary. I have had a good deal of time in which to think and I have come to the conclusion that I was a fool. They will never hear of me again in a criminal role for hereafter I am going to be a man. Had I not been caught when I was I would probably have gone on and got in so deep that I could never have gotten out. No sir, I am not a bit sorry that I was sent here, but, of course, I regret that I had no more sense than to get in the kind of business that sends fellows here."

"What is a new kind of talk for discharged prisoners," said Taylor.

At the southern prison there is a well educated man from one of the towns in the southern part of the State. He has a year yet to serve on a charge of embezzlement. While the reporter was there this prisoner was asked if he was wishing for a pardon and the somewhat surprising reply was:

"No sir, I don't wish a pardon. I want one. There were a few men who wanted me to come here and I want to satisfy them. I was caught by an unfortunate business affair, although my intentions were honorable. I would have pulled through all right, but I was pressed to the ground. A few to whom I was indebted seemed to feel that I must go to the penitentiary. It was a case of revenge, I judge, with them. Here I am and I am happy. They pushed me here. I am paying my debts to them and I am showing them that I do not shrink from the task. For me to seek for a pardon, to act as if I were suffering, to beg them to intercede for me, would afford them altogether too much pleasure."

TIT FOR TAT.

A Wagish Physician Finds His Match in a Minister.

Last Sunday a well-known physician, with some of a tendency to be wagish, attended a leading Indianapolis church, where he holds his membership, to enjoy the Easter services. So well pleased was this physician that he sent the pastor a bucket of ice cream for an Easter treat, accompanied with the following note:

"My Dear Doctor—I'll keep you cool in this world if you will keep me cool in the next."

The next day the minister returned this answer:

"My Dear Doctor—Permit me to return my kindest thanks for your frigid remembrance of me. Be assured I would be only too glad to reciprocate your favor by complying with your request, if it were in my power, but you must remember that to do this I would have to transform a lake of fire into a sea of ice."

At a special meeting of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange yesterday resolutions were adopted favoring a new national department of commerce and manufactures.

The DANBURY HAT COMPANY is located at No. 2 East Washington street.

RUSIE TALKS OF BALL

HOW HE HANDLES HIS WONDERFUL CURVES AND SLOW BALLS.

He Is Fond of Sports, and Keeps a Fine Bird Dog and Owns a Gun—How He Trains Down.

Amos W. Rusie, last season the pride of the New York "fans," has been living quietly at home in this city with his father all winter. Last week he spoke entertainingly of his work and his future plans. Rusie declares that he never felt better in his life, and his looks do not belie his words. He has the appearance of being in perfect form. Perhaps he is a trifle too heavy—he now weighs about 215 pounds—and he seems a little sluggish. But these defects are not material and a few days' hard work in the field will prove an adequate remedy. From several weeks of outdoor training he has become slightly tanned, and his face has a ruddy glow up to the roots of his short hair, cut pompadour fashion.

In February, finding that he was increasing too rapidly in weight, Rusie began a course of training that reduced his weight to the proper notch in a short time. Every evening he started out for a mile run. Returning, he roasted himself before a hot gas stove until the perspiration flowed generously. Then, after a good rub-down, he went to bed. By this method, he says, his weight was reduced thirteen pounds in one week. About the only exercise he took during the long winter months was an occasional hunting excursion.

Rusie is an enthusiastic sportsman and owns a fine gun and a valuable bird dog. Starting to the country at 3 o'clock in the morning, he made several good bags of birds after a drive of fifteen or twenty miles. Rusie and his father are more like companions than father and son and were generally together on the hunting trips. The elder Rusie always speaks of his son as a "boy" and as such watches everything which affects his son's interests and future prospects. Amos is a great man to stay at home. Barring a few evenings spent at the theater, his time has been spent at the family fireside.

HAD NO SPECIAL TRAINING.

Rusie never had any special training for baseball, beyond the experience he gained while playing with scrub nine on the commons of this city, and the art of throwing "curves" came to him naturally. One time a professional player saw him pitch a game and gave him a few "pointers" on curve-throwing. After that he picked it up readily enough, he says.

He describes in a plain and simple way how he makes the ball curve through the air to the bewilderment of the batter and to the wild delight of the spectators. The ball is held between the thumb and first and second fingers, resting upon the third, which is curled against the palm. He takes a firm grip with the thumb and two fingers. Then, with the forearm slightly raised, the hand is brought around in position, the index finger upward, with a snap, down, down, down and forward movement of the wrist the ball is sent twirling towards the plate. When the ball leaves the hand, the palm is almost flat upwards. It all depends upon the wrist. The forearm is held almost stationary. The whole thing is done by a simple twist of the wrist. The speed of the ball depends entirely upon the force with which the wrist is snapped, although the player's wind has some effect. It is only by long years of experience that the pitcher can determine just how much force to put into the wrist snap, in order to vary the curves frequently enough to keep the batter in suspense and catch him off his guard.

In throwing "slow balls," an entirely different movement is used. The ball is grasped in the same way to begin with, but the wrist movement is not made, and it is virtually moved forward with a straight-ahead movement of the forearm. Just before releasing the little sphere, Rusie lets it slide back into the palm of the hand, at the same instant making the forward shove with the forearm.

HIS CODE OF SIGNALS.

Rusie, like other pitchers, has a secret code of signals with the catcher, and by watching him closely knows whether to deliver a low ball or high ball, an in-shoot or out-shoot. He says that it makes little difference, although he catches his ball, and that he can work about as well with one catcher as another. Team work, between pitcher and catcher, he thinks unnecessary, as any good catcher can effectively supplement the pitcher's work.

One thing that Rusie watches closely is the attempt made by base-runners to steal bases. He has no particular code of hints to throw the runner off his guard, but tries more especially to keep him close to his base. A runner will not hazard his chances unless he has a good start before the ball leaves the pitcher's hand. If he were on first, for instance, unless he had a good lead, the catcher would deliver the ball to second in time to put him out.

Base players suffer with a species of "stage fright" and Rusie says he is sometimes quite nervous before entering the box. After the first ball is delivered this all disappears, and he loses sight of the crowds of cheering, shouting spectators in the excitement of the game. Nothing is more inspiring to a ball team than the presence of a large crowd. When the crowd is small, the players are inclined to be listless, and although they may be just as anxious to win the game, having in view always the pennant at the end of the season, better work is done when the crowd is great. The largest crowd before which Rusie ever played assembled at the Polo grounds in New York on a holiday two years ago. At that time there were 25,000 people present.

Rusie says that he likes the work and does not expect to do anything else for a number of years to come. He never tires of ball and always enjoys the excitement of the life. Indianapolis, he thinks, is about the best city in the world, and he never feels at home until he is here.

Just now he is in active training for the coming season, and finds it necessary to get himself somewhat. Every day, when the local team is here, the afternoon is spent in practice. On other days part of the afternoon is devoted to running and ball tossing.

Rusie is a little uncertain as to his plans for the coming season, and will not know definitely what he will do until the national board has acted on the demands for his release from the New York team. He may be here ten days, he says, and he may be here all summer. Circumstances will determine that question.

Nocturne.

O the long, long street and the sweet
Scent of the night, of the spring;
Lamps in a glittering stream,
Pointing a path for our feet.

Pointing and beckoning—where?
Far out of thought, out of view,
Deep through the dusk and the dew:
What but some possible there.

O, the dark spring night and the bright
Glints of the lamps in the street,
Strange is their summons, and sweet,
O my beloved, to-night.

—Graham R. Tomson.

Always on Hand

GERMAN CANARIES

Fine Singers, Parrots, Mocking and all other birds, at reasonable prices. Also, seeds and food—the best and cheapest.

121 Massachusetts Ave., C. F. KLEPPER

THE NEW YORK STORE

Established 1853.

An "Ad" Extraordinary

Nothing But Startling Announcements for the Coming Week. Read of

- 1st, The Opening of the New Furniture Department in the Annex.
- 2d, The Special Opening Sale of Curtains and Draperies.
- 3d, The Sale of Carpets, Rugs, Etc., and
- 4th, Of the scores of Special Offers in Colored Dress Goods, Silks, White Capes, Suits, and all the Dry Goods Departments.

Rub Up Your Glasses and Read Them Word for Word.

COLORED DRESS GOODS

Come any time you please to-morrow, or the next day, either—you'll find the west.



aisle crowded, or we miss our guess. There's never a minute when it isn't when such prices as these are here.

Black Goods

Large selections in Figured Brilliantines, Plain and Mohair Striped Crepons, also 44-inch Diagonals and Clay Worsteds, all at 50c a yard.

Yard-and-a-half-wide Crepons for 85c a yard.

48-inch Sparkling Figured Brilliantine at \$1 a yard.

Some new ideas in Poshed Mohairs, Figured Camel's Hair and Figured Crepons for Capes, at from \$1 to \$2 a yard.

SILKS

Black Saint Duchesse, 27 inches wide—a limited number of pieces of the \$1.25 quality will be placed on sale on the center bargain table at a yard.

A special sale this week of Black Figured Taffeta Silks, the season's favorite material for Skirts and entire Dresses. The right thing at the right price.

One lot at.....35c a yard

One lot at.....35c a yard

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CAPES, SKIRTS And SUITS

SECOND FLOOR.

A season was never started under brighter auspices. A newly-furnished department,

newly decorated, and easily the largest as well as "swellest" Capes, Coats, Frocks, etc., in the city. Now listen while the prices tell their story:

A Plain Gros Grain Silk Cape, full circular, silk lined and ribbon collar, a good Cape, for \$4.50.

A Fancy Trimmed Full Circular Silk Cape, full circular collar and silk lined, a good Cape, for \$5.50.

Fancy Satin Capes, Lace and Jet trimmed, 10 pieces, for \$7.50.

Then the prices go by easy jumps up to \$30. Every Cape worth one-third more, judging by the way others sell them.

SUITS

The Suits received during the past week are causing much comment. Decided novelties, every one of them. Prices from \$5 to \$15.50.

Muslin Undewear Sale

SECOND FLOOR.

Our buyer has been picking up a veritable good things here lately, and you get advantage by getting them at half the usual cost to-morrow.

Muslin Drawers, with hem and tucks, Embroidery trimmed, also plain tucked Muslin Drawers, never sold for less than 30c, to-morrow 15c a pair.

A good 6c Drawer, trimmed with 2-inch Hamburg Embroidery and tucks, for 25c a pair.

Muslin Gowns, made with tucked yoke, neck and sleeves, finished with Cambric ruffle, a 50c Gown, for \$1.48 a pair.

Plain Muslin Gown, with double yoke and Cambric ruffle, a regular 60c Gown, for 35c.

A Fine Empire Gown, trimmed with embroidery, the regular 85c Gown, for 50c.

A lot of White Skirts, trimmed with embroidery, ought to be 75c; our price, 50c each.

A Fine White Skirt, trimmed with an 8-inch flounce, the regular 85c Skirt, for 50c.

Plain High Neck Corset Covers for 8c each.

Embroidery Trimmed Corset Covers, the 25c kind, for 15c each.

White Aprons, a lot of the 25c kind go in this sale for 15c each.

CHILDREN'S REEFERS

Two Special Items—

Reefers, in navy blue, brown and red, trimmed with white braid and strictly all wool, at 75c and 85c each; well worth \$1.25 and \$1.50.

SHOES

Ladies' Tan and Black Oxford Ties, the 32 kind, for \$1.50 a pair.

Ladies' Black Oxford Ties, with cloth tops, a regular \$2 shoe, for \$1.48 a pair.

Ladies' Brown Kid Lace Shoes, all sizes, others ask \$3.50; our price, \$2.75 a pair.

Boys' Tan and Black Lace Shoes, new stylish shapes, all sizes, at \$2 a pair.

Children's Shoes, all colors, 75c to \$1.50 a pair.

MEN'S WEAR

A lot of Men's Light-weight Canton Flannel Drawers go at only a pair.....15c

Men's Night Shirts, in full sizes, 53 inches long, trimmed in neat patterns, pearl buttons, just 25c dozen to go at 30c each. They are as good as many that are sold for 75c.

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies and Wall Papers

We want to make this week the banner week of the season on the third and fourth floors—and we are going to do it. We have never failed at anything like that yet when the prices were right, and these are surely business bringers. Not much profit here, but we want to see things lively. Mr. F. T. LEE, of the Eastman, Schleicher & Lee Co., and Mr. OTTO MILLER and others formerly connected with that firm, besides our own force of employees will all be here to see that your wants are attended to promptly.

Opening Sale in the DRAPERY DEPT.

All the new Spring Goods now ready for your inspection. To start the season right we offer these remarkable values.

LACE CURTAINS

680 pairs of Nottingham, Scottish Crown and Saxony Lace Curtains at 1-3 less than you ever pay.

80 pairs White and Ecru Nottingham Curtains, 3 yards long—good strong Lace—at 35c a pair.

White and Cream Nottingham Curtains, large enough for any regular size window, at 65c a pair.

108 pairs of Scottish Crown Curtains, in white and ecru, 48, 54 and 63 inches wide, 3